

1480

Tuesday Afternoon Series

WALTER HALL
EDWARD JOHNSON BLDG

2:10 pm

FACULTY OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

LECTURE-DEMONSTRATION

March 31, 1977

"The Song Cycle as Entity: Schumann's Liederkreis, op 39"

ARTHUR KOMAR, Author and Music Theorist,

Editor of Norton Critical Score of Schumann's Dichterliebe

Katharine Smithrim - soprano

Liederkreis, op. 39

Robert Schumann

Translations: Josef von Eichendorff

Song Cycle

(1) In Foreign Parts

The clouds come from my homeland
behind the red lightning,
but father and mother have long been dead,
and no one there knows me now.
How soon will that quiet time come
when I too shall rest, and
the lovely, lonely forests rustle above me
and no one here will know me?

(2) Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness
in the depths of my heart.
Gaily and brightly it looks at me
at every hour of the day.
My heart sings softly to itself
an old and lovely song
that wings itself into the air
and flies swiftly to you.

(3) Dialogue in the Woods

It is late already, it is cold;
why do you ride through the woods alone?
The woods are long, you are alone-
You lovely bride-I will take you home.

'Great is the guile and the cunning of men;
grief has broken my heart.
The horn is sounding, now here, now there.
O fly! you cannot know who I am!'

Horse and rider are so finely arrayed,
your young body is so beautiful;
now I know you-may God protect me!
You are the witch Lorelei.

'Yes, you know me. From its high rock
my castle looks deep into the Rhine.
It is late already, it is cold-

you will never leave these woods.'

(4) Stillness

No one knows, no one can guess
how happy I feel!
If only one other knew it,
no one else should.

The snow outside is not so still,
the stars in the heavens are not
so mute and silent
as my thoughts are.

I wish I were a little bird
and could fly across the sea-
across the sea and beyond,
until I reached heaven!

No one knows, no one can guess
how happy I feel!
If only one other knew it,
no one else should.

(5) Moonlit Night

It was as if heaven
had softly kissed the earth,
so that earth, with its shining blossoms,
must dream only of heaven.

The breeze passed through the fields,
the corn swayed gently,
the woods rustled softly,
the night was bright with stars.

And my soul spread
wide its wings
and flew through the silent land
as if it were flying home.

(6) A Lovely Foreign Land

The tree-tops rustle and shudder
as though at this hour
the ancient gods were making the round
of the half-ruined walls.

Here, under the myrtles,
in secret, twilit splendour-
what are you saying to me, fantastic night?
I hear it vaguely, as in a dream.

All the stars shine down on me
with fiery glances of love,
and the distance speaks with ecstasy
of some great happiness to come.

(7) In a Castle

Up there, at his look-out,
the old knight has fallen asleep.
The rain is showering down
and the forest rustles through the portcullis.

With his beard and hair grown into each
other
his breast and his ruff turned to stone,
he has sat up there in his silent cell
many hundreds of years.

Outside all is still and peaceful,
everyone has gone down into the valley.
Lonely woodbirds sing
in the empty window-arches.
On the sunlit Rhine down there
a wedding party sails by;
musicians strike up merrily,
and lovely bride weeps.

(8) In Foreign Parts

I hear the brooks rippling
all through the forest;
amid these forest-murmurs
I know not where I am.

The nightingales are calling
through this solitude
as if they wanted to tell
of beautiful times long past.

The moonbeams flicker
as if I saw below me
the castle in the valley-
yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden
full of white and red roses
my love were awaiting me-
yet she died long ago.

(9) Sadness

It is true-I can sing at times
as though I were happy;
but secretly tears well up
to relieve my heavy heart.

When spring breezes play outside
nightingales sing
their song of longing
from their gloomy prison.

Then all hearts listen,
and all are glad;
yet no one feels the pain
and the deep grief in the song.

(10) Twilight

Dusk is about to spread its wings,
the trees shudder and stir,
clouds drift by like heavy dreams-
what means this fear as the world grows
grey?

If you have a favourite deer,
let it not graze alone!
Hunters are moving through the woods,
blowing their horns,
voices call-now here, now there.

If you have a friend on this earth
Do not trust him at this hour!
He may smile at you with eyes and lips,
but in falsepeace he thinks of war.

What wearily goes to its rest today
will rise tomorrow, new-born.
But much can be lost in the night-
be wary and watchful!

(11) In the Woods

A wedding-party passed by the hill-side;
I heard the birds singing;
many horsemen flashed by, the horn
sounded-
it was a merry hunt!

And before I realized it, all was gone.
Night covers all around
only the forest still sighs from the
mountain -
and my heart shudders within me.

(12) Spring Night

I heard the migrant birds
fly through the skies over the garden.
That means spring is here, with its
sweet scents!

The flowers are beginning to bloom.

I want to rejoice, I want to weep:
I can hardly believe it true!
Old marvels shine down again
with the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
the wood whispers it in its dream,
the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours!'

(13) The Joyful Backpacker

He whom God would render great favour
He sends into the wide world;
He shows him His miracle
in mountains, forests, rivers, and fields.

The dawn does not revive
the sluggish who stay at home;
they know only of rocking babies,
of cares, burdens and not enough to eat.

The brooks skip down the mountains,
the larks whirl high for joy.
Why shouldn't I sing with them
from a full throat and a hearty breast?

I leave everything to God;
He preserves the brooks, larks, wind and field,
and earth and heaven,
and has also arranged my affairs for the best.

Next Thursday Afternoon Series: April 7, 1977, Recital, Music by Graduate
Students from the Electronic Music Studio, University of Toronto. 2:10 p.m.
Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building.